

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Eliza Symonds Bell, May 12, 1877, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Mrs. Alexander Melville Bell. Cambridge, May 12, 1877. My dear Mrs. Bell:

I must send a few lines with Alec's picture — I am sure you will agree with me in thinking this a good photograph of Professor Bell, but needing a look of brightness and of fun to make it a good likeness of Alec .

Alec left us Thursday evening for New York to make the arrangements for his lecture there next week. He was going to exhibit his telephone before members of the New York Press and of the Century Club, one of the oldest and most prominent of our Literary Societies. This morning a telegram came from him saying that the experiments were successful. Tonight he lectures in Springfield, aided by Mr. Gowen in Pittsburgh, and tomorrow, Sunday morning we expect him home.

Alec is blue and bright by turns, he himself says, that like a true Britain his spirit all depends upon his having a good dinner. I am beginning to learn that my happiness in life will depend on how well I can feed him.

My father is very busy now [in a ?] with different parties to introduce the Telephone into practical use. He is confident Alec will soon be able to make money out of it.

Alec must have told you all about his lectures here. I went to every one and thought Alec looked and spoke very well and the people seemed interested and pleased. He

I hope you are sharing in our lovely spring weather, it is so nice the sun came out yesterday for the first time for a few days, so Alec had a lovely day for his New York visit.

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Mamma, papa and I are stayin J g here in our dear old home, but how long we shall remain no one knows. Mamma says she will stay if Alec does but it seems as if he were going off to Philadelphia and Baltimore on a short lecturing tour.

Alec told me you were going on a journey with Mr. Bell, I wonder 2 you are coming to the United States, it must be a change from quiet Brantford.

I must say goodbye now and see what Mother is about, we have only the aid of our Gardener's wi d f e in our household work and though she does almost all that three servants usually do, still she leaves a great deal to be done.

With love to Mr. Bell and kind remembrances to the Misses Symonds.

I am yours affectionately, Mabel G. Hubbard.